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mercial enterprises which are conducted by night." But the smuggling, which many a great family encouraged in the wild times of the last century, is all over now; as well as the agitation which rendered the "Liberator" so admirable a friend, and so bitter an enemy. The head of the house has gone down to his grave, having died poor, very poor, in a foreign land; his eldest son has followed him but lately, and the name and memory of O'Connell are already spoken lightly of in the land of his birth. The old abbey is now inhabited by strangers. "Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who go a quarter of a century back, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested from his toils at Derrynane." Melancholy, indeed, is the sight of the old house, damp-stained and weed-environed, out-of-joint, unrepaired, unrenewed, and with O'Connell's empty yacht in the forlorn, sand-filled sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth, "all else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love, seems to be drooping away to destruction."

Kell's Abbey, in Kilkenny, and Dunbrody Abbey, in the same county, are now but ruins—crumbling walls and moss-grown stones. The latter structure is considered one of the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the country. The architectural beauty of this abbey is still discoverable, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to again people the wastes around with the Cistercian monks, who in the old time distributed the charities of religion among the peasantry. Dunbrody Abbey was built by Henry de Montmorency,

marshal to Henry II., in 1182, and was dismantled in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Jerpoint station of the Waterford and Kilkenny railroad, stand also the ruins of another famous ecclesiastical structure, called Jerpoint Abbey. It was founded by Donagh, king of Ossory, but it has so long been in a state of dilapidation, that we fear the determination of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society to restore it will be of no avail, unless the work be at once proceeded with. Stones from its tottering walls are continually being taken to repair the peasants' huts, and even the tombs of the Butlers, and other famous personages of the old time are hardly secured from the sacrilegious hands of the ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Other ruins of religious edifices might be mentioned—Kilconnel Abbey, once a monastery of Franciscan friars, built in 1460, but now a mere shell; Athenry Abbey, near Galway, a fine ruin of a building which once belonged to the order of Dominicans; Newton Abbey, near Trim; the ruins of Bective Abbey in the same neighbourhood; Roscommon Abbey; Boyle Abbey in county Roscommon; and St. Mary's Abbey, built in 1415, by Sir John Talbot, the "Scourge of France,"—but that our space forbids. The chiefs who once made merry in the old castles of Ireland, and the ecclesiastics who raised those beautiful religious edifices of which we see only the ruins now, are most of them unknown to fame. And it is as well that it is so, for no good comes of looking back. Irishmen have been too prone to do so hitherto, but their watchword in this nineteenth century should be—**FORWARD!**

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS the end of December, 1835, Leonard completed his competition picture for the gold medal of the Royal Academy. He had withdrawn himself entirely from his fellow-students, and living absorbed in his work, had been almost lost sight of by them, for the last several months.

The subject which he had chosen for his picture, was St. Michael and St. Margaret appearing to Joan of Arc, and announcing to her the astounding future, whilst still the simple shepherd girl was tending her flock. Leonard's imagination had keenly entered into the devoted enthusiasm of the young girl, who having once heard heavenly voices announcing her sublime mission, steeled her soul and sense against every allurement of earth, love, home, and kindred to obey the celestial behest; accomplishing through the might solely of obedience, faith, and enthusiastic love, a work almost miraculous. Leonard in imagination had completed a series of pictures illustrative of her career—treating her almost fabulous history from his own peculiar point of view; making her conquer alone through the power of spirit; making her vanquished when fallen from her immaculate throne of spiritual beauty, by faithlessness in the spiritual voices, and by the desecration of her inspired hand by the shedding of blood.

But the sole picture of the series completed was the "Announcement of her Mission"—another development of that thought which Leonard had sketched upon the wall of the little chamber in his uncle's house—the arousing of a dormant soul to action. He had lived, whilst painting, wrapt in a golden mist of poetry, filled with entire faith in his creations, and filled with a restless eagerness. Now, when his picture stood completed, the mist parting, his picture, as if struck by the wand of some evil magician, faded and shrunk before him into meagreness and poverty. A bitter contempt of his picture induced him to turn its face to the wall—to forget it utterly, and its destination—to leave that London room behind him, with the sickening roar of wheels rising ever up through its dingy window—to stand within a solitary wood, with pure snow and ice around his feet, with solemn, leafless trees

above his head, with a sharp winter's breeze striking upon his burning brow—to stand upon the gypsum cliff in Clifton Grove, as he had done five winters before—to silence, but for one hour, the cry after his mother—to silence, but for one hour, the unappeasable longing which devoured his heart's core! Leonard buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Still sitting with bowed head before his picture, the door of his little room opened, the Professor of Painting, together with Signor Lambelli, stood before him. He had not heard their preparatory knock, so absorbed had he been in his reflections. The Professor's eyes were rested upon the picture.

"Good! Lambelli," said the professor; and an unmistakable smile of benevolent satisfaction played about his lips. Lambelli rubbed his hands, and commenced criticising in a remarkably lively and energetic manner. Leonard meanwhile stood coldly aside, a strange contempt swelling within his breast. Could then this faded shadow of his dream call forth aught but censure from the lips of men possessed of knowledge? Could he not, even then, accept with gracious thanks the censure which Lambelli passed upon his picture, when it was *censure* rather than *praise* which he desired? No; for the censures passed upon it were censures for mere technicalities, and the censure cast by his own spirit was the failure of his ideal!

"You have overworked yourself, Hale," remarked the professor, cordially taking leave of poor Leonard. "He must wear a brighter look, must he not, Lambelli, when next we see him?" and the visitors were gone.

The professor's few words, and his manner still more, had conveyed to Leonard the conviction that the gold medal would be awarded to him. But no longer did this medal appear an object worthy of such eager quest as it had done but a few hours before—the crowning satisfaction, peace in his work was wanting. "How easy to do better—ten-fold—than this miserable picture!" muttered Leonard bitterly to himself. "My mother! and will this have been my first triumph for which I shall have wrung my heart! I have

looked upon this as an earnest of future success—what if it be but an earnest of future bitter disgust!"

Leonard paced up and down his dingy room with steps strangely akin with those of poor Ursula pacing her son's deserted chamber five years before. Suddenly he paused, a deep flush passed across his face, and the muscles of his mouth worked with a nervous spasm. He seized his hat, and rushing down the stifling staircase, was soon rapidly pursuing his way along the crowded streets. He walked like one in a dream. The roar of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages; the murmurs of the thousand dissonant voices of the great city grated upon his over-wrought nerves, till he was filled with a feverish anguish, the foreshadower of delirium. His eyes, when they unclosed to outward objects, fell only on the squalor of great London; mouldering, slatternly marine stores, gin-palaces, pawnbrokers' shops bursting with their rich produce of misery, doctors' shops and hospitals. Now he encountered a sick person borne along through the bright sunshine in a curtained litter, from which the passers-by shrunk with loathing dread. Leonard's imagination piercing through the dusky canvas curtains, described the woe-struck, disfigured countenance of the sick; and strange, too, in his imagination, it was like the face of his mother! Leonard's eyes fell upon a placard pasted on a pump: "If this should meet the eyes of Sarah L——b," read Leonard, "who left her home on Sunday, 15th of December, she is earnestly besought to return to her afflicted mother; or to communicate at least by letter. As she values the life of her heart-broken mother, she is implored to communicate. Through the blessing of God, may these words speedily meet the eyes of S. L. Soon it may be too late!"

As a dagger these words had pierced to Leonard's soul—his mother it was who implored him to communicate with her; the old pleading tones of her sad voice, with which, as in years gone by, she had implored her unhappy husband, echoed in his brain; and the voice ever ringing through his ears, Leonard raced on: and as he moved rapidly through the fresh wintry air, coming out into the Regent's Park, the straight formal alley of which he restlessly paced up and down, oblivious to the gaily-attired children there, eternally trundling their hoops, and to the nursemaids who criticised his gestures and his shabby clothes, his thoughts formed themselves into a burning letter to his mother, which he immediately would despatch. In fancy he saw her vehement joy as the boy in the canary-coloured jacket presented to her, whilst sitting at her little work-table, the long-expected letter in the beloved hand-writing of her son; he saw the quivering of her fingers as she tore open the seal, the tears of joy and love showering down upon the paper. The might of yearning was so strong within him, that all thought of triumph over his uncle was thrust aside—love, deep love alone, and keenest sympathy, held dominion in his being.

In Albany-street, Leonard, with a fevered cheek, paused at a small stationer's shop, and, entering, bought paper, and there indited a few lines of warmest love, dwelling but slightly upon his own career, though proudly announcing that so far it had been crowned with as much success as ever he could have anticipated; but the essence of his words was the yearning love which flamed up within him.

The expression of a deep emotion, whether by written or by spoken words, has an almost magical power of relief to certain impulsive and passionate natures; and Leonard was of such a nature. Having written his letter and posted it, a calmness settled over him; and the joy which he believed his words would cause his mother, shed a celestial peace within his soul. He began to anticipate the arrival of her reply, and to count the time which probably would elapse ere the receipt of it—perhaps even she herself might reply in person! The possibility of resentment for his long silence and desertion never, for one moment, presenting itself.

Posting the letter, Leonard reminded himself that his very meagre funds were all but exhausted—but one half-crown remained. This, however, was a usual state of affairs with our poor hero; and as now for several years, by means of rigid

economy and constant hack-work, in which he conscientiously employed a portion of his time, he had maintained himself, it was but a small matter of anxiety to him. In fact, so much had the writing of his letter restored Leonard to his natural state of mind, that he called, before returning home, at a publisher's, for whom he was in the habit of making ornamental designs, from the emblematic cover of an annual to the frontispiece of the last new cookery-book. To-day he obtained certain orders for designs of an equally elevated class; and, retracing his steps homewards, he mentally arranged his little designs, looking at the fruiterers' and florists' windows and stalls in Covent-garden market, to obtain hints, these designs being destined to adorn Macalpine's "Growth of Hot-house Fruits." Purchasing a spray of vine with sixpence of the last half-crown, and having lingered with an artistic enjoyment of the rich combinations of form and colour displayed by the fruits and flowers, he hastened home immediately to commence his sketches; for until a certain number were received by his employer, no more money could Leonard obtain. The publisher for whom Leonard had now worked for several years—and whose system, wise and upright, had been a moral training especially healthful for our hero's desultory nature—most sternly refused all payment in advance, as strictly, however, and as justly, paying his employed so soon as the work accomplished was received by him.

The necessity of labour gradually wrought its holy work within poor Leonard's breast; his morbid horror of his picture slowly decreased; he drew and drew, and a healthier pulsation was in his blood. The time arriving for him to send off his picture for the competition, this was done, but all as a matter of indifference almost; and then, with coldness, resuming his pencil, he drew and drew, leaves, fruits, flowers, flowers, leaves, fruits, with marvellous patient industry. But his ear became hourly, daily, keener; and restlessly he would resume his agitated pacings of his room at times; and the postman's sharp knock at the door of the house where he lodged, and all down the street, made him start and breathe quickly, and a sick giddiness to gather over his eyes. But no letter arrived as yet. "Who knows?" said Leonard in his heart, "perhaps she is from home; if she had received it, one thing I know—silent she would not remain. But who knows?—who knows?". asked he a hundred times an hour of his heart. But that this silence could proceed from death or any grievous evil he denied to himself sternly, angrily. "No; he was only over-impatient; or it might be his uncle—" A violent burst of unrestrained anger, uttered in loud words within his solitary room, startled himself, and broke the completion of his supposition.

The distribution of prizes had arrived, but no letter. At the important hour, Leonard attended in the amphitheatre of the Royal Academy, and with him the scarcely-acknowledged anxiety gnawing his heart's core unceasingly. He seated himself far up among a group of students, in as inconspicuous a place as possible. He was greeted with questions innumerable, and merry jokes about his hermit's life—words seemed to buzz about him like a swarm of flies. The amphitheatre was crowded; the hum of anxious suspense died away; the ordinary preliminaries were gone through—the president addressed the students. During the address, Leonard recognised the kind-hearted Lambelli peering anxiously about through his eye-glass. He knew that he was the object of the good man's anxiety. Leonard wondered how it was possible for him to feel so little excited—so wholly indifferent; but his strongest feelings were for the time swallowed up in a vast discomfort. His head sank on his breast, and the old brooding recommenced. He was aroused by hearing his own name clearly enunciated by the president—then it was repeated around him with a confusing hum; he was pushed forward—there were acclamations on all hands—he was the successful candidate. But the triumph was a cold, joyless one, with this worm of anguish gnawing at his heart's core.

Slipping away from his congratulators, Leonard hurried home. The slatternly girl opening the door, holding in one hand a flaring candle, with the other gave him a letter, which she took up from a begrimed slab in the passage. The hand-

writing of the address was bold and masculine, and not the peculiar, delicate one of his mother. Leonard paused various

A weakness crept into poor Leonard's knees, and his lips grew parched. He unlocked his door with an unsteady hand—



THE ANGELS APPEARING TO JOAN OF ARC—LEONARD'S COMPETITION PICTURE.

times whilst ascending the staircase to his room—turning the letter round and round. The post mark was Nottingham.

closed it—dropped upon a chair beside the table strewn with the Macalpine sketches, the candle swalling down the stick in

long gutters of grease, and with the lamps from the street gleaming in balefully through the uncurtained window. Leonard gazed upon the letter. "God! God! be merciful!" he muttered in low, hoarse accents—and still his eyes rested upon the unopened letter held in his trembling hand. At length, slowly breaking the seal, he read—

Nottingham, December.

DEAR LEONARD,—Your letter to Mrs. Mordant of the 8th instant came duly to hand, and in consequence of your mother's state of health—or rather, state of mind—I was compelled to break the seal and become master of its contents, which, under existing circumstances, you must pardon. Being absent from home when your letter arrived, a slight delay in my reply has, unavoidably, been occasioned.

The perusal of your letter, shows me that you are not aware of the unhappy state of your mother. She has been an inmate of the lunatic asylum of this place for the last four or five years—in fact, almost immediately from the time of your leaving Nottingham.

Of your circumstances since that time, we have had no intelligence, but it is satisfactory to perceive by your letter that you are doing well. To the painful occurrences connected with your hasty departure, I do not refer further than that your mother's derangement dates from that time, and from the distress of mind occasioned by your unaccountable silence. You are not aware that your uncle has left Nottingham, and is now residing at Hamburg.

I shall take an opportunity of communicating to your poor mother that news has been received of you.

It may be satisfactory to you to know that all suitable and necessary attention is paid to your mother.

Dear Leonard,

Yours truly,

ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

P. S.—It is painful to me to find that you have changed your name, as no good can possibly accrue from such disguises.

Like one transfixed by the spear of his enemy, Leonard writhed with agony, whilst his eyes perused these fearful words, the very straight-forwardness of which tore every germ of hope up from his breast.

Dropping his head upon the table, Leonard remained sunk in the depths of utterest bitterness. The candle flared and flamed,—then the wick lengthened into a glowing and spectral fungus, and the light grew dim. And hour after hour was tolled mournfully from the near church-tower; and the footsteps of passers-by had long since died out of the streets, and the candle sunk in its socket, sending forth fitful glares across the melancholy room and athwart the melancholy bowed youthful head; and the stench of the expiring wick made the air thick and noisome. But Leonard stirred not. Like one dead, except for a keen throb of agony which ceaselessly stirred within his soul, he sate throughout that long December night with his head bowed upon the sketches which became blistered with his tears.

Ellis Stamboye had returned home from his wedding tour to the old house in —— street, now all freshly painted, and refurnished with the most comfortable and most ponderous of costly furniture for the reception of its new mistress, when he had read poor Leonard's letter, and indited his reply. Within the newly furnished dining-room, the scene of Mrs. Mordant's altercation with her brother, and of Leonard's with his uncle, were seated the newly-married pair upon this the first evening of their return. L'Allegro, more beaming than ever, had, with an arch grace, which truly would have driven John Wetherley utterly distracted could he but have seen it, poured forth unnumbered cups of tea for her loving husband. Luckily, however, John, more than a hundred miles away, was sternly absorbed, forgetful of the lovely being, in drawing by gaslight with might and main from the model in Lambelli's rotunda. Then flinging herself back in a low and softly-cushioned chair near the brightly burning fire, she had first admired her dainty feet placed upon the fender, sunk deep in the white fur which lined the loveliest of scarlet embroidered slippers,

then she had drawn a little scarlet mantle, trimmed also with white-fur over her round white shoulders, for the night was cold, even within that most comfortable and wealthy abode—and every now and then she glanced with a pretty pettishness at her husband, who would so pertinaciously read the heap of letters awaiting him upon the mantel-piece. "It was very provoking of Ellis, to forget his dear pet that very first evening, she would scold him for it, that she would, the first instant he laid down those dreadful letters;" but a sternness sat upon his face, as he read letter after letter—and L'Allegro had secretly a little fear of Ellis' sharp clear voice, and of that determined, strong look upon his brow and lips, his very hair had a strong determination in its crisp, dark-brown curls, and his short figure was stronger than that of many a giant. No! Ellis Stamboye was no man to be interrupted by his lovely, beautiful little bride, thought L'Allegro. L'Allegro watched him, and then amused herself with thoughts of all the bridal gaiety awaiting her, and then again watched Ellis; but he seemed quite to have forgotten her—his face had become sterner than ever—he had risen, and after standing in deep thought, with an open letter in his hand, before the fire, and bringing an inkstand and paper to the table, had, after another pause of deep thought, begun slowly writing. L'Allegro's eyes closed, and she fell into a gentle sleep, with her pretty profile as it lay upon the cushions, gilded by the flickering fire-light. Ellis folding and sealing his letter, rose, and with his hands crossed behind him, like a youthful image of old Stamboye, paced slowly up and down the room, as the elder Stamboye had done a thousand times before him—suddenly pausing beside his sleeping wife, an unusual expression of tenderness suffused his whole countenance—a strange look of Leonard, a look, as of a transfigured soul shone through his clearly chiselled features, and bending over the unconscious girl, his lips pressed her brow with profound tenderness, and a prayer ascended up from his soul, "God, enable me worthily, unwaveringly to fulfil towards this poor child the awful responsibilities which I have taken upon myself, and enable me to strengthen her. What unutterable miseries flow from an unworthy, an unconscientious marriage, Thou alone knowest, for Thou 'visitest the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation.'" When L'Allegro woke up, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, and her red lips kissed his broad forehead a dozen times; because he was "such a dear creature, and had put away his tiresome letters!" Ellis drew her towards him, and looked quietly at her, with such a grave smile, yet so full of love, and without speaking a single word, that L'Allegro exclaimed, between laughing and crying, "Oh, Ellis, you *are* so queer! I wish you talked more—you are not half as amusing as John Wetherley used to be—poor John. I wonder, now, what he is doing?"

In the sumptuously furnished dressing-room of L'Allegro, where tall mirrors reflected back the blazing fire which careered up the broad chimney, and where massive wardrobes stood with open doors and drawers to receive the rich dresses which a half-unpacked portmanteau displayed; and where the softest of curtains and carpets, and the easiest of chairs and couches, and innumerable toilet nick-nacks, prophesied a life of luxury for the young wife, sat another being, who wondered what John Wetherley was doing. But in her heart he was "dear, beloved John;" "the adored," "the tenderly-cherished John." Need we say, that this was poor Il Penseroso! She looked very pale and meek, and seemed as though she had been suddenly struck by some idea whilst arranging her sister's dresses in the new wardrobes, and had sat down by the fire to complete her meditations—

"God hath his own great plan :
And joy and suffering
Are his commissioned discipline of man!
Each is the scrapp-wing
That lifteth from the clod ;
That to the angelic band,
This to a higher sphere, the sphere of God;"

murmured Il Pensero to herself, "those are lines by Mordant, the poet. I remember well copying them into my book—it was the day that dear John stole Emma's ringlet in the studio behind the Indian-screen, and I saw him press it to his lips. I did not know at that time what comfort some day I might find in these lines. I suppose life may be a school, and that 'God hath his own great plan.'"

"Tell them I can see NO ONE, that I am ill—NO ONE! Thank the gentlemen for their kindness—but see them I CANNOT!" spoke Leonard, the next moment, through his locked door to the servant-girl outside.

"But it is not the gentlemen, sir, as comes generally; but somebody, sir, as wants very particular to speak with you—very particular indeed, they says; and says, sir, I must give this here card. If you was well enough to read the card, they says you'd maybe see 'em. I'll shove the card under the crack of the door, sir, they is so very pressin'." And the card duly appeared beneath the door.

With a mechanical listlessness belonging to a soul's musing, Leonard unconsciously bent down and picked up the card, and mechanically he read the well-known name—

"Mr. Andrew Gaywood."

As a drowning man clings, it is said, to a straw, so in a great misery does the sinking soul snatch madly at the faintest ray of comfort held forth towards it. Andrew Gaywood was the sole loving heart of that hard Stambouse; the name foretold only love and sympathy. Leonard opened the door. There, close upon the threshold, stood—not the poor deformed, mild clerk of Michael Stambouse's office—but a tall, mild woman!

"Who is it dare pry upon my misery?" exclaimed Leonard, with a harsh, grating voice, and with the blood rushing into his haggard face. The servant-girl glided away down the stairs to lean over the banisters, duster in hand, and listen. But the tall, mild woman, whose gentle eyes filled with sudden tears, stood yet more erect, and calmly holding forth her hands, seized those of Leonard. "Leonard," spoke a voice deep and mild as the eyes; "Mr. Leonard, I know your bitter misery, therefore am I come to you. I am Andrew Gaywood's sister; no human heart must be left, in this great London, friendless, desolate; human sympathy and aid are God's angels upon earth: long have we sought to obtain a clue to you—my brother in Nottingham, I here. Your letter to Mrs. Mordant gave that clue so long required. Mr. Ellis Stambouse was little aware of the importance of his information when he commanded the intelligence which he had received from you to Andrew." As Lucretia Gaywood continued to speak with an earnestness of love and sorrow indescribable permeating her every word—the anger died out of poor Leonard's heart. He had again entered his room, and had sunk his head upon the table. Lucretia drew near him, laid, for a moment, her cool hand upon his fevered brow; and as she stood, calm and yet filled with a deep compassion for him—strength, refreshment as from the presence of an angel, seemed to go forth from her, and raise up his fainting spirit. Sunshine fell in through the window, which Leonard, in his fevered panting for any external alleviation of his misery, had flung wide open. It brightened and brightened, filling with almost summer's gleams and spring's mildness the desolate room.

"We believed that you would wish at all events to see your poor mother," said the compassionate tender voice; "and we knew that the life of an art-student was hard and bare of means, therefore if you will permit Andrew the favour of begging you to accept a few pounds of ready money from him—he has received so many and so great favours for these years from your home, and he has such earnest respect and affection for yourself, that you cannot pain him by a refusal. It is here," she pursued, laying a small purse upon the table; "and if there is the slightest thing in which I could aid your immediate departure, believe me it would be a relief to my heart; for your affliction has long been a vast anxiety to us,

Were alone yours the sufferings of a stranger I should be earnest in my offers of sympathy; but with you I am still more earnest, for you are no stranger to me; and as the son of Augustus Mordant, you have a claim upon all reverers of beautiful poetry.

Leonard accepted this gracefully proffered aid with that warm acknowledgment of a generous sympathy, which is its truest reward.

The following evening Leonard started by coach for Nottingham, Lucretia having in numerous ways, which alone can be divined by an affectionate woman's heart, rendered the preparations for his journey painless as possible to poor Leonard. She had also written, begging her brother to meet Leonard at the coach-office; which he did. And, though but little more than a tight pressure of their hands passed between the two, and but brief words were spoken, Lucretia's thought had produced its good fruit.

THE DIAMANTOID, OR ROUGH DIAMOND.

THE diamantoid is a kind of stone recently discovered in Bengal, and now used by most lapidaries in polishing precious stones, instead of diamond dust. It has all the physical properties of the diamond, except the crystalline appearance,—the same specific gravity, and the same hardness, and will scratch any other body, although no other substance can scratch it. It exhibits the same chemical reactions, whether in a moist or dry state, that is to say, it is insoluble in acids. Having been burnt in pure oxygen, by the same means as are employed to produce combustion of the diamond, it only gives carbonic acid, with a very small residue of ashes, supposed to be produced by the presence of foreign matter. Its chemical composition then, as well as its physical constitution, is identical with that of the diamond. But as it is not crystalline, it wants the glitter and limpid appearance which gives precious stones so much of their value.

The diamantoid is found in large shapeless masses, the corners of which appear battered by constant friction, but not rounded off like pebbles. These lumps are rather rough on the outside, and are of a black or brownish colour, generally very dull; sometimes, however, they shine like graphite. They break in unequal parts, and when examined with a microscope, display a great number of minute cavities, separated by irregular plates slightly translucent, reflecting the solar rays in a great variety of colours. Their size is variable.

We do not yet know the precise manner, or the exact locality in which the diamantoid is found; some say in the same alluvial deposits as the diamond; and as its age is not known, neither is its origin. This would doubtless furnish an interesting subject of study to the geologist. It is more than probable, however, that it has been formed under the same circumstances as the diamond. In this case, it would, as geologists say, have been created by the transformation by caloric, or by electro-chemical currents of organic carbonaceous matter, buried in the rocks where it is found. But the diamantoid must have been subjected to this agency in a less degree, as it wants crystallisation. Its molecular formation is intermediate between the perfectly crystallised carbon, and amorphous carbon, such as coke and charcoal, forming a connecting link on the one side between the black diamond and the graphite, and on the other approaching the anthracite, the most stony, if we may use the expression, of carbonaceous minerals, and the origin of which is well known.

Whatever may be the value, however, of these scientific investigations, the discovery of the diamantoid is a fortunate one for the lapidary. Like the diamond it is the hardest of all bodies, and answers the same purposes in the arts and industry.